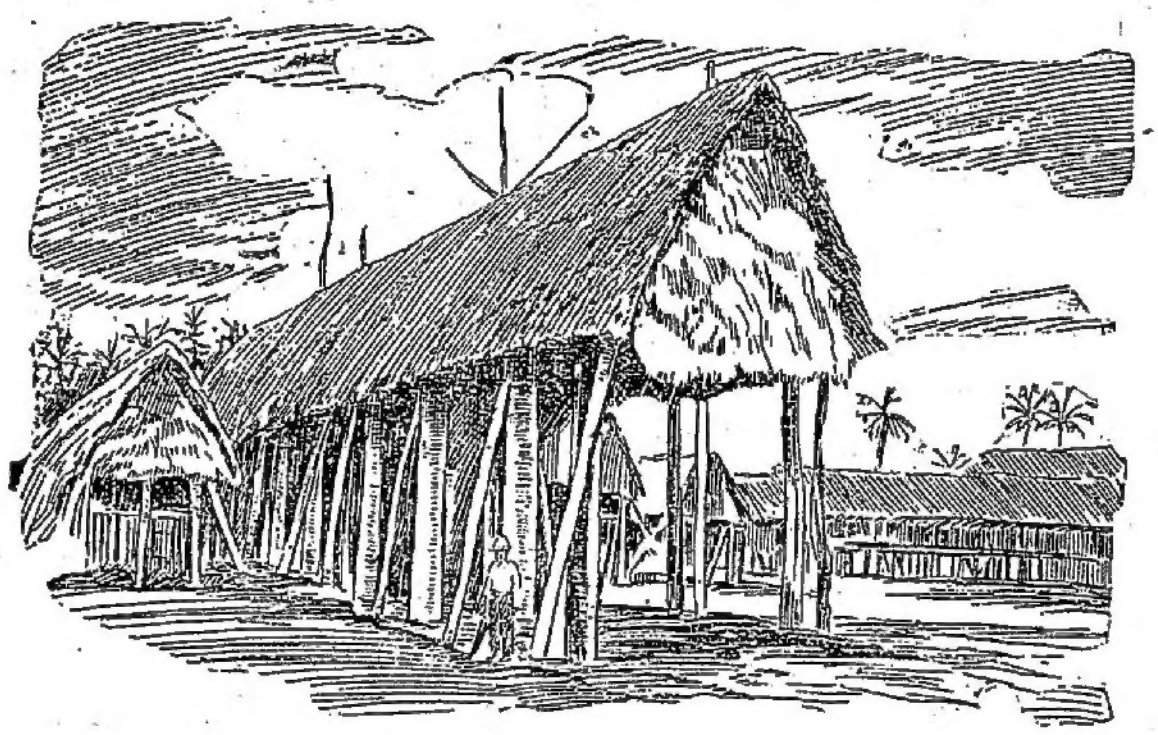
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 46. MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

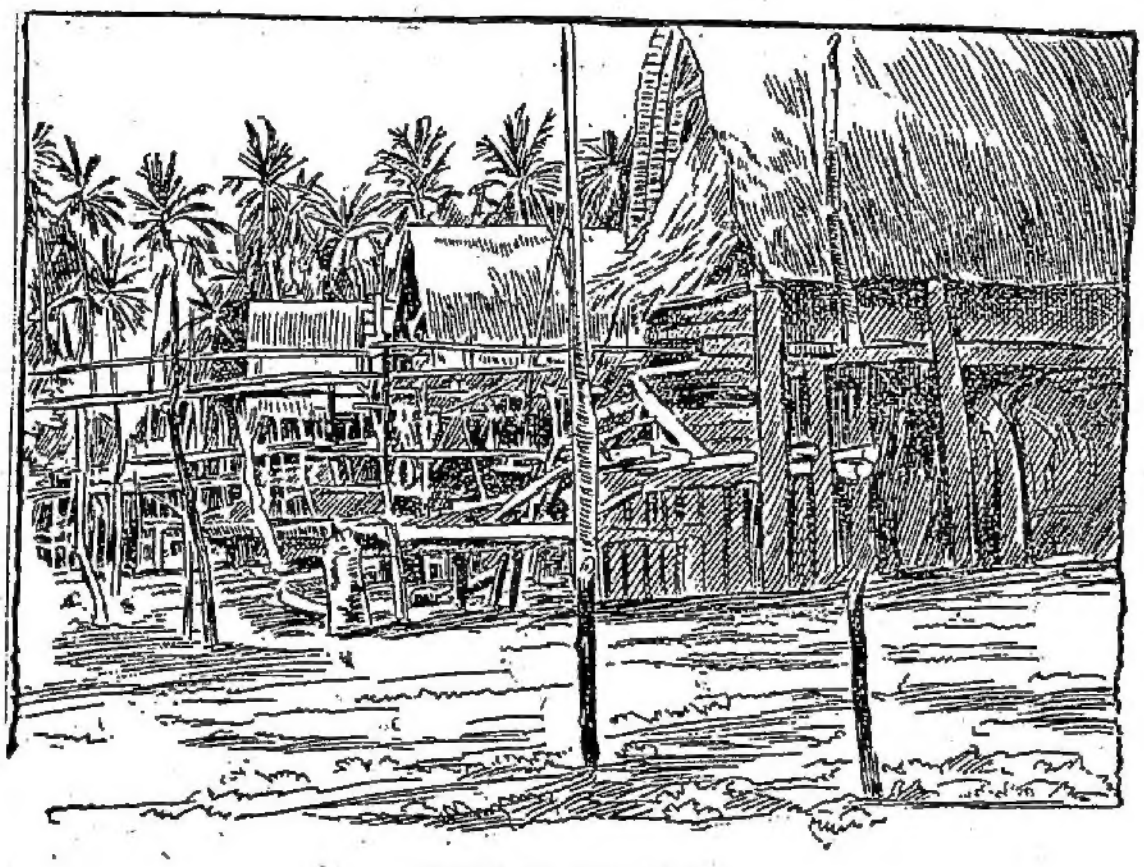
A Visit to New Guinea.

(By Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, in 'L. M. S. Chronicle.')

The Kemp-Welch River, near to the mouth of which Kalo is situated, is a fine stream, which has a long course among the hills, and apparently has its source not far from Mount Douglas. Kalo is not actually on the river, but on a creek on the west side of it. We found the river coming down in strong current, and apparently in flood, as the result of recent rains, but our 'John Williams' crew pulled the ship's boat across the bar and up stream without much difficulty. We soon turned out of the current into the sluggish waters of the creek, and thought of malarial fever and other evil things as the boat was poled up its narrow and almost stagnant waters, amidst a dense undergrowth of vegetation, to the furthest point to which she could be got, and where we landed on the slime of a bank of clay. A considerable clearing was being made at the point where we got ashore, and we had no difficulty in making our way along the bank to the spot which has given Kalo an unenviable notoriety in the history of the New Guinea mission. As we stood listening to Mr. Pearse's description of the locality and the scene, and trying to imagine it, a number of native women came across, laden with food which they had been to their gardens to fetch, and we learned that the village was almost deserted at present on account of the preparations for the great annual heathen feast. The village is a large one, having 190 houses and a population of more than a thousand. The houses were certainly among the largest and finest we saw in New Guinea. They were not like the huge communal places we saw on Kiwai Island, each of which was the home of a whole village, but were what might be described as good family houses, and furnishing accommodation for a large family. They were raised above the ground, on very substantial posts, to a most unusual height. The platforms of many were fully fifteen feet from the ground, and the house rose fifteen or twenty feet above that. As the space between the posts was quite open, this gave them a very peculiar appearance. Some were very long and broad, as well as high. One which we had the curiosity to pace was fully 90 feet long. There is a resident native teacher and a church. The teacher seemed a capable young fellow, but the condition of the church building bore out his statement that the people of Kalo were not nearly so responsive to Christian teaching as those in many other places. The indications of preparation for the approaching feast were unmistakable in the enormous piles of native food heaped up or hung up on posts in front of the houses of the sorcerer and the chief. The native idea of a feast is evidently 'plenty to eat, and eat until it is finished.' The neighboring villages come to share in the festivity, and then return the compliment by following the good example. So many were away at their plantations that even the crowd of children which usually followed us merrily was strangely absent. Under such conditions it did not seem advisable to stay very long, so, after spending half an hour with the native teacher at his house, we moved on to a small village named Kamali, where we were to stay at the teacher's house for the night. There is no twilight in New Guinea, so that travelling has to be finished by sunset—i.e., about six p.m. Late as it was, it was intensely hot, and though we were walking parallel with the coast, we were completely shut off from the sea-breeze by the native gardens and the dense fringe of high trees beyond them. Moreover, as we went along the native path through long grass or among the trees, we stirred up all the mosquitoes in the district, and soon were tormented past endurance by their fierce and ceaseless attack. Notwithstanding this, we thoroughly enjoyed the walk on account of its novelty. The vegetation in some parts was rank in its luxuriance, in other parts one might have imagined oneself looking upon some fair scene in a park in England or Scotland. The flowers on the trees and climbing plants were many-hued and lovely, and numberless cockatoos, parrots, paroquets, bee-eaters and other birds of brilliant plumage flitted about.



CHIEF'S HOUSE AT KALO.



HOUSES AT KALO.

The teacher at Kamali was a Rarotongan named Lutera. His house is fortunately about half a mile from the native village, and is surrounded by a good garden. He is a man of taste, and has planted in the garden round his house a number of lovely crotons, whose richly-colored and variegated foliage form a most striking and effective ornament of the place. Nearly all the houses are on one plan—an oblong single-storied building, sometimes entirely surrounded with a verandah, at other times having a verandah at the back and front. Two-thirds of the interior is given up to one large room, the other third is divided into two rooms, each of which opens into the large one. The large room is the place of reception, and is often used for a day-school. The greater part of the room is entirely destitute of furniture. At the end nearest the smaller rooms there are, probably, a table and a couple of home-made sofas or settees, over which are thrown the pride of the house, cotton patchwork quilts of startling designs in turkey red and white. The two smaller

rooms each contains a large four-post bed stead, also home-made, completely covered with white net mosquito curtains. Wire-woven spring mattresses are as yet unknown luxuries. Their places are taken by native mats, laid over a netting of cocoanut fibre cord, which in that climate make a cool and suitable bed. These beds are kept for the entertainment of visitors, the family usually sleeping on the verandah or in the small cook-house at the back. I have referred before to the hospitable spirit of the native teachers. Lutera was no exception to the rule, and he and his good wife exerted themselves to the utmost to make us comfortable.

There are six Christians in the village, and Lutera has about twenty children in his little school. After our evening meal these children came in with the teacher, and we heard them read and had worship with them. Then we retired, eager for rest, but, alas, not to sleep. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the annual feast was on in the neighboring village; the temptation to have a dance was too great to be resisted by the gay folk. They did not invite the strangers to join them, which was perhaps fortunate, as we had not our dress clothes with us. But we heard the band as well as if it had been next door. Never before had I any idea of the marvellous power of the New Guinea drum. If it had half the effect upon the dancers which it had upon me, it must have been invaluable as a stimulant to exertion. The dreary tum-tum, tum-tum, kept steadily on all night. There did not seem to be even an interval for supper. The last time I looked at my watch it was 4.30 a.m., and the tum-tuming was still going on.

We left Kamali soon after 6.30 a.m., as we had about three and a half miles further to walk to Hula, and we wished to get there before the heat became too oppressive. On the way we had arranged to call upon another teacher, a young New Guinean, at the village of Papaka. We found him and his wife a bright, sensible-looking young couple, rejoicing in the luxury of a new house which was not yet quite finished. The scholars in his little school, or so many of them as were not away at the gardens with their parents, preparing for the annual feast, assembled at the teacher's house, and we heard them read. They also intoned the commandments, sang, and then repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then after a few words of encouragement and joining in worship we went on again to Hula. This is a large and important village, the greater part built on piles some distance from the shore. The present chief, Tenia, is a man of considerable force of character and a deacon of the church. He is trusted by the New Guinea government, and holds office under them as a local magistrate or justice of the peace. The people are great fishers, and carry on a considerable trade in turtle shell. They have erected a large and substantial place of worship, quite ecclesiastical in its lancet-shaped windows and its pulpit, and quite civilized in its boarded floor. The native teacher, Itama, is a Rarotongan, and is one of the strong men of the Kerepunu district. He is a man of fine physique, and of more than the average energy and ability, who is evidently exerting a very strong and useful influence. We arrived at 8.45 a.m., and received a very hearty welcome from Itama and the chief, who, with pardonable pride, took us to see their handsome new church before we reached the mission-house. After we had washed, and while we were waiting, with such patience as an early start and a healthy appetite would permit, for our breakfast, we heard the sound of singing, and being summoned to the door, saw a long procession entering the gate of the mission compound. There were the members of the church and the children of the school coming to welcome the visitors. They were headed by their chief, and every one was carrying some small gift of food, a couple of yams, a few bananas, a cocoanut or two, or a stick of sugar cane. When we reached the house these gifts were all piled on the verandah for us, 'that we might have a little food for our journey.' Of course, we had to shake hands with each of the kind donors, big and little. Then the crowd managed to squeeze themselves into two sides on the broad verandah, squatting down as tightly as they could pack, and we were expected to examine the school. Fortunately, in New Guinea, as yet this does not require any serious mental exertion, the test of proficiency being simply the power to read the New Testament. Itawa had 102 readers in his school, nearly all of whom were present. We heard each read a verse or two, and by dodging about, so that no one should know who was to read next, we were able to test them fairly well. With scarcely an exception they acquitted themselves very creditably. After the examination was over, the inevitable speech-making followed, and the meeting ended with prayer. By this time each of the visitors had come separately to the mental conclusion that if his companions did not get something to eat they would faint. In pursuance of this kindly thought we all found ourselves moving with alacrity into the house. After breakfast Tenia and others brought us some curios, the good-byes were said, and we found our boat waiting to row us off to the 'John Williams,' which was lying-to outside the reef, a couple of miles away.

Two Ways.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Christian.')

At the beginning of life each soul stands before these two doorways, and at the opening of these two paths. In each of us the love of life is strong, and in each is the desire to get as much as possible out of the years which may be given. Amiel expresses this strong passion for life when he says: 'A passionate wish to live, to feel, to express, stirred the depths of my heart. I was overpowered by a host of aspirations. In such a mood one would fain devour the whole world, experience everything, see everything, learn everything, tame and conquer everything.'

In our early years each of us makes up to the throb and pulse of strong natural impulses, and we are tempted to argue, 'If God has given these strong desires, why should they not be gratified? Why should I throw the reins on the necks of these fiery steeds, and let them bear me whither they may?' To do this is to go through the wide gate, and to take the broad way. The 'many' go in there. It is the way of fashion, of society, of the majority. It is pre-eminently the way of the world. No one who goes in by these portals and allows his course to be dictated by his strong, natural impulses, need fear that he will be counted eccentric or strange!

And it must be admitted that, in its first stages, such courses are eminently easy and, perhaps, rather delightful. The first steps in sinful self-indulgence are pleasant. The boat launched on the flowing stream is swept merrily and pleasantly along. The gradient of the road slopes so as to make the walking easy. The sun shines, the air is filled with odor, the sward is soft and bedecked with flowers. But after a while the sky becomes overcast, the rocks protrude through the grass, the wind rises to a storm, the stream is too rapid to allow of resistance, the declivity is too steep to permit of return—and at the foot of the dark, beetling cliffs the corpse of the careless, thoughtless traveller lies torn and mangled. Of the life of self-indulgence, there is only one end—destruction.

There is a more excellent way. God has placed in our natures higher faculties by which to guide, restrain and purify these strong impulses. They are known as reason, conscience, faith, and they are intended to rein in those fiery horses, and make them bear us steadily along the way of a clean and honorable career. 'We have forces of restraint, as well as forces of energy; and it is only when our higher powers control and save these vital forces of impulse and desire, that we can really drain the most and best out of the cup of life.'

It is a blessed thing when a young soul goes in at the narrow gate, and along the straitened way. It is too narrow to admit the trailing garments of passionate desire, too narrow for pride, and self-indulgence, and inflated self-esteem, too narrow for greed and avarice, and the accumulation of wealth for the sake of ostentation and display. And the path is not all easy. It is the way to the cross. It does not only mean going without pleasant things, but involves the saying, 'No,' to self, in all forms of flattery and vain glory. It implies that we shall say to ourselves perpetually, What would Jesus have done? What would He wish me to do? What is my duty? What is right? What is likely to help others most?

Whereas the other path gets always darker and harder, this gets easier, leads up to fairer views and purer air, till it breaks out finally in those uplands, where God himself is sun. It leads to life—to ever-increasing, ever-abounding life. We all want to see life—and the remarkable thing is that those who expect to get most out of it by self-indulgence miss everything, whilst those who seem to curtail their lives win everything. Few find and enter it, is the lament of our Lord. Oh, let us put our hand in his, that he may lead us into it, so that we may be among those who ask life of God, and to whom He gives it, 'even length of days for ever and ever.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 18, Sun.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

Nov. 19, Mon.—White robes were given.

Nov. 20, Tues.—What are these which are arrayed in white robes?

Nov. 21, Wed.—These are they which came out of great tribulation.

Nov. 22, Thurs.—Washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Nov. 23, Fri.—Therefore are they before the throne.

Nov. 24, Sat.—He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

An intermediate teacher of a class of boys first tells the lesson story to them herself, then requires its re-narration by each of the pupils. This plan not only helps as a memorizer, and holds the attention, but is an index to the individual mind, showing by the involuntary emphasis placed upon certain parts of the story the points which are making the most impression.—'Sunday School Times.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Drowned for Christ's Sake.

'Scotland is like a pebble; it needs rain to bring out its beauty,' said good old Prof. Blaikie. Yet we may go farther, and say that it is because of the rains of persecution that Scottish character has been purified and made lovely.

Let all who think union of church and state a good thing, and that it is sublime and beautiful to have uniformity in religion and to have politicians make laws for the government of churches, remember the slaughter and martyrdom which such uniformity cost in Great Britain. Awful is the long story of the persecution of the Scottish Covenanters. The names of those who shed

GIE IN, GIE IN, AND TAK THE OATH.

human blood so freely, in vainly seeking to obtain conformity, are detested in Scotland. 'Bonnie Dundee,' though a pretty piece of music, describes one who was a human butcher. To this day, the very sound of Claverhouse is execrated.

Finally, when the better conscience of England prevailed, the noble-minded and great-hearted William III. took the throne, and toleration became customary. The Scottish people were allowed to worship God according to their own belief, and the storm of persecution and bloodshed ceased.

The better day, however, came too late for Margaret and Agnes Wilson. These two sisters attended the 'conventicles,' as all meetings not held in the state churches were called. One was eighteen and the other thirteen. When arrested, they were so firm in their convictions that they were condemned to be drowned. The father of Agnes pleaded for her life, paid a fine of £100, and gained her release, but was unable to redeem the life of his older daughter, Margaret, and for her the sentence was carried out.

The two girls had found shelter with an old widow lady who also believed in serving her Master without having a minister dressed up in a particular way, or without using prayers printed in books. She believed that Christians redeemed by the blood of Christ had a right to hold different opinions in minor matters. This old woman was to die first.

Look on the map of Scotland, and, in the extreme southwestern shire, you will find Wigton, on Wigton Bay; and, flowing into it, a little river called Blednock. Waiting until the tide had gone down and was about to turn, the officers in the pay of the political church went out over the sand, and drove two stakes in the sloping shore. To the one first reached by the incoming waters they fastened the old woman. Further back, toward the shore, they drove another stake, and to this they tied Margaret Wilson. Around each stake, until the water drove them away, stood a detachment of troopers with naked swords, lest the barbarism of England's king should rouse the manhood of Wigton to rescue these weak women. Hundreds of people came out on the shore as spectators. It is said that on that day no noon meal was cooked or eaten in the town.

The waters were soon around the waist of the older woman. Quickly they reached her neck, and, too weak to struggle, she was scon silent and her spirit flown. Seeing this, the young girl's mother cried out, 'Gie in, gie in, and tak the oath.' Other friends and acquaintances called out to 'Bonnie Margaret' to yield and pray for the king. This they would accept as a sign that she would recant. Yet so far from doing this, and that her last breath might go up to God as an offering of thanksgiving, she chanted the Twenty-fifth Psalm: 'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. . . . Let not mine enemies triumph over me. Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed.'

The water having come up to her knees, the people fell further back. Then it rose to her waist, but, having finished the psalm, she repeated the latter part of the eighth chapter of Romans, verses 35 to 39: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' By this time the waves were nearly at her lips. Soon the incoming swells silenced her voice. This was Scotland's last martyr.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Uncle Gerald's Views.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

'Well, I think just as Uncle Gerald does, that anyone who cannot take a glass of wine or champagne when he feels disposed without becoming a drunkard, does not amount to much, and to bind oneself with a pledge is an admission of weakness.'

The two boys had halted just below the window where Gerald Lawrence was seated, and unmindful of the old adage that 'listeners never hear good of themselves,' he leaned forward at the sound of the voice of his nephew and namesake.

He could not deny he had been quoted correctly; but some way his argument did not seem so convincing, repeated by this lad of fourteen, who was already causing his parents anxiety by his independence and recklessness.

Gerald was curious to hear what the boy's companion would reply, for he was evidently urging him to some step he was unwilling to take.

'Why, Gerry, no one ever became a drunkard all at once, but beginning with one glass, they go on until they acquire a taste for it, and it takes more and more to satisfy them. Just look at Sam Snyder.'

'Pshaw,' interrupted Gerald, 'I was not talking of such low creatures; I meant gentlemen,' and he drew himself up proudly.

'Who do you call gentlemen?' Fred asked.

'Oh! educated people, who dress well, go into good society, have money and, and'—he hesitated how to finish his sentence.

'Well, then, Sam was a gentleman, or at least a gentleman's son, whatever you may call him now,' persisted Fred. 'Father knows his whole history, for they were schoolmates. Sam's father was one of the richest men in town, and there was not a boy in school as well dressed, or one who had as handsome a sled, or as fine skates as Sam. He even had a horse and carriage of his own, and the boys all envied him, but he was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, ready to share his good things, and so was

very popular. Later he got in with a set who thought it manly to smoke and drink, and as poor Sam had not sufficient self-control to stop with the one glass you advocate, he kept going down lower and lower, until now with friends and money gone, neither pride nor ambition left, he is content to hang around saloons, picking up a living the best way he can, and drinking every cent he gets.'

'Oh, well, he is an exceptional case; not many make such shipwreck of themselves. Just look at my uncle; could you imagine him ever becoming like that poor creature, who looks as if he could never have had much sense? I am not afraid to follow Uncle Gerald's example.'

'But, Gerry, some inherit a taste for it, and if they once begin they can't stop. Then just think how it might encourage such unfortunate ones if you took the pledge, even if you do not need it for yourself.'

'Oh, of course, being a minister's son, it is quite proper for you to be a pattern of temperance, and all the other virtues, but I don't care to sign away my liberty from any such exalted notions of philanthropy. Let everyone look out for himself is my theory.

'I am sorry I cannot convince you, Gerry, and hope you will not find out that you have made a mistake when it is too late. I wish you could have heard Dr. Bland telling of one of his patients in the hospital, you would not think it was safe even to touch the stuff. There is a young man there dying from the effects of dissipation, who just a few years ago had a good home, plenty of friends and money, and now he is depending on the charity of others for a bed to die in. He had never tasted liquor of any kind until he was eighteen and had no idea that he could become a victim, but it seems he had inherited the taste for it from his mother'—

'Now, that is simply ridiculous, Fred,' broke in the other, 'Ladies don't drink; he has just been gulling the doctor.'

'That's where you are mistaken, Gerry; the doctor says it would astonish anyone not in the profession, to know how many do. And he thinks a physician who prescribes brandy is really criminal, for so many acquire the habit just in that way. He says he knows many women who have died of alcoholism, but of course it was kept secret; and many children are born with such an appetite for it, that they must make a life-long fight against it, for if they once yield to it there is little hope for them. And that was the case with this young man. His mother had died while he was too young to know what caused her death, and his father was always so careful to shield him from temptation that he actually grew up without knowing he had the taste for liquor. When about eighteen he entered college, and in less than two years he had become a confirmed drunkard, and his father was dead of a broken heart. His room-mate was a senior and a splendid man, of whose acquaintance and friendship the young fellow was proud, and he thought he could not do wrong. One night, at a fraternity supper, one of the young men ordered champagne for them all to drink his health, as it was his birthday. Although this young man had never taken a pledge against it, he hesitated for a moment when it was offered him, but his friend whispered, 'Don't be a prig, it won't hurt you,' and if it had been poison he would have swallowed it then.

No need for the listener to hear more; the boys outside were forgotten, as memory carried him to that evening, for he had not a doubt it was of his old friend, Clarence Winters, Fred had spoken, and he, Gerald Lawrence, was the man who was responsible for his downfall. How well he remembered the occasion; the merry party about the table, fine fellows, every one; not a low or dissipated one among them, but not one thought it any harm to drink to the prosperity of their host. Probably Clarence was the only one who was in any way affected by it, but what a transformation took place in him. From the quiet, almost bashful, boy, he suddenly became the gayest and most hilarious of the company; and, while his witty speeches amused them, they telegraphed to each other with their eyes that the liquor had gone to his head.

An illness followed the unusual indulgence, and his friends 'hoped he had learned a lesson,' but they were disappointed. He became moody and unnaturally gay by turns; books were neglected, and he seemed to have lost all self-control.

Gerald, busy with his own affairs, saw little of him in those days, but rumors of excesses reached him, and he felt it his 'duty to remonstrate with the boy.' He never forgot the look Clarence turned on him as he walked away without a word, and did not venture to speak again. In the bustle of life his old friend had been forgotten, and he heard of him now for the first time in years, and such sad news.

'Am I my brother's keeper?' Gerald turned, half thinking the words had actually been spoken in his ear. Yes, he had in a measure had the keeping of this weak brother committed to him, but how miserably he had failed in his trust, and for the first time the brilliant young lawyer realized how a prisoner at the bar must feel. Was it possible those few words spoken merely to shield his friend from ridicule, and without any intention of wrong, could have had such terrible and far-reaching results. What could he do to counteract the evil, or was it already too late? How annoyed he had been sometimes over the 'extreme views' of some of his friends, and how he had scorned the idea that there was any danger, for 'any one, who had a grain of common-sense.'

But how different it appeared to him now. He felt there was no longer any question as to what he should do; he must take the pledge at once, and throw what influence he had on the side of safety, anyway. He must also try to induce his nephew to do so. The lad had expressed himself so ready to follow his example. God grant he might be equally so in this.

Then he must try to see his old friend, and beg for forgiveness, but how he shrank from the interview, and the able young lawyer, who had already become noted for his brilliant speeches, found himself sorely at a loss for words, as he stood beside the sick bed. The attendants looked curiously at the elegant gentleman, who seemed so affected at sight of the charity patient, and many were their conjectures as to the relationship between them. What a contrast! The one tall, erect, handsome, in all the vigor of young manhood; a gentleman in dress and manners; the other, pale and wasted by suffering and neglect, his eyes sunken, and he prematurely aged by the dissipated life he had led.

Clarence would not allow Gerald to blame himself; 'the temptation must have come sooner or later, the fault was his own, in not having strength to resist.' He 'did not lack for anything'; was 'better cared for than he deserved'; and it was only after repeated urging to be allowed 'to do something for him,' that he admitted he had one wish ungratified.

Lying there, realizing he could never again leave his bed alive, the thought of filling a pauper's grave had been very painful to him; but he had neither friends nor money to carry his body to the family plot at H—, and he had longed to lie beside his parents.

Gerald assured him he should have his wish 'when he needed a grave,' but he must not think of dying now; he must get well and let him help him to retrieve name and fortune. With a smile more sad than tears, Clarence shook his head, saying, 'It is too late, old friend, and, much as I grieve over my wasted life, I feel it is best my time is short. I hope and believe my sins have been pardoned, and some humble place in Heaven will be granted me, but the thought of what I might have been is bitter sorrow to me. How different my position to-day if I had taken the pledge when a boy, for without boasting I may say that low down as I have been my word never was broken. It seems strange that father did not wish me to take it, saying it was better not to make a promise, than to break it. 'Pardon me, dear old boy, for presuming to give advice to one so greatly my superior in every way, but if you would throw your influence on the right side, you would be a very bulwark of strength to those weak as I was. If my sad experience would open your eyes to the danger, which even you, with all your strength of character, are in, I believe I could die happy, feeling my life had not been wholly in vain.'

When Gerald could find his voice, he replied: 'I so wish that you might live, that we could work together in this cause, for I am thoroughly converted to total abstinence. When through the conversation of two boys, accidentally overheard, I learned something of your history, and felt that I was responsible for it—although God knows I was innocent of any intention of wronging you—all my arguments in favor of moderation seemed so weak and foolish I wondered I could ever have entertained them. From this time forth it shall be my aim to do what I can for weak and tempted ones.'

'Thank God for that assurance,' murmured the sick man. 'Since I have realized that my days are few, my constant prayer has been to be permitted to do something to save others, from suffering as I have done; but you can do so much more, and so much better, that I am content. Perhaps in spirit I may be permitted to know of the good you are doing.'

The end was nearer than either of them thought, and when Gerald called to say farewell before leaving for home, he found his friend had just gone. Although greatly shocked and grieved, it consoled him much to see the happy smile on the dead man's face and to notice the old familiar expression coming back on the wasted features, from which the evidence of wrong-doing had faded away.

Those who had been familiar with Gerald's views were not long in discovering that they were greatly changed, and it was a constant wonder to them why he seemed from that time to have special pity and sympathy for poor miserable drunkards.

He was a born leader, and his Christian friends had often grieved over the fact that in this one particular his influence had not been for good, but he had always repelled advice on the subject, now, however, the most earnest temperance advocate among them could find no fault with his conduct, but it required more than argument to open his eyes.

Thus it often is in life, when one has been designed and specially qualified, for some particular work, and refuses to take it up.

God in tender love and mercy sends some sudden or severe trial, which, like the lightning flash, blinds for a moment, but also reveals the danger of the path they are treading.

A Good Soldier.

The sitting-room of the Raymond house had two west windows. On a certain sunny afternoon they were both occupied. At one sat, in a low wicker rocker, Miss Ruth Raymond busy over a mending-basket. On the cushioned seat of the other, fourteen-year-old Nora, Miss Raymond's Niece was nestled among the cushions. Her head was bent over Charlotte Yonge's 'Book of Golden Deeds,' and she was apparently oblivious to her surroundings.

Nora was the oldest of a family of five. There were three boys and baby Elsie. Miss Ruth was a music teacher. She made her home with her brother's family and had gladly given this leisure hour to lowering the pile of mending which was always in the basket.

Slowly the sun descended below the western horizon, leaving the sky dyed with red and gold. These tints faded to amber and yellow, then to rose-gray and violet. Miss Ruth dropped her work in her lap and leaning her head against the back of her chair looked off across the scene spread out before her window.

There was row after row of cottage suburban homes, each street flanked by young trees whose branches, still bare, were outlined against the sky. Off to the right a slow-moving river dragged its silvery length, and beyond the river was a glimpse of level trees, already tinted with the soft green of early spring.

It was not until the gray shadows of evening began to dim the picture that Miss Ruth came back with a start, to Nora.

'What, Nora, reading yet? You will spoil your eyes, dearie.'

The young girl dropped her book. 'Why, Auntie Ruth, I had no idea it was so dark; I just read on and on. It really seemed as if I could not stop.'

Ruth laughed. 'They must have indeed proved golden deeds. Come and tell me all about it."

Nora went over to a hassock at her aunt's feet. Resting her head on Ruth's knee, she began:

'I was reading about Genevieve, the brave Christian maiden, who played so important a part in the defense of Paris during the long ago invasions of the Huns and Franks. Only think, Auntie Ruth. When the Franks under Hilperik had possession of Paris, she made her way into the city, confronted the chief, and won from him a promise to have mercy upon his many prisoners. Miss Yonge says: "There, in her strength, stood the peasant maid, her heart full of trust and pity, her looks full of the power that is given by fearlessness of them that can kill the body. Ah, it was a grand thing then to be a Christian." '

'Is it not now, Nora?'

'Of course,' there was a faint touch of impatience in the girl'svoice. 'It was different then; though, I can't help wishing I had lived them.'

'Let me see,' Auntie Ruth said musingly. 'That must have been early in the fifth century. I am glad you didn't live then, dearie. I would have missed knowing you and I don't know how I would get along without you.'

'Auntie Ruth, I did not think you would make fun of such things, even if you did make fun of me.'

'I did not mean to hurt you, Nora,' and Miss Ruth bent so low that her own cheek pressed against the girl's crimson one. 'It was a grand thing to face death and great danger in God's service. Still, Nora, it is no less grand to serve him now.'

'But there are no such things to do now,' Nora cried. 'There is only a round of petty little duties which anyone can do.'

'Do you remember St. Paul's injunction to Timothy: "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ?" I am sure, little girl, that applies to you and me in these days as well as to Timothy and Genevieve hundreds of years ago.'

'I don't understand,' Nora began questioningly, then stopped abruptly. After a minute she went on: 'Perhaps we could be soldiers if the occasion demanded. Yes, I am sure we could; but, oh, auntie, don't you see how much easier it would be if there were only something great to do?'

Under cover of the darkness Miss Ruth smiled a little. 'No dear, I do not. It would be most difficult for me to face martyrdom or great danger. If God called me to it, I am sure I could trust him for sufficient strength. I thank him that the work he has given me is different. Now what you call a round of petty little duties may be the battle God has called you to win for him.'

'I don't understand.'

'Let me tell you a little about my own battles. It may seem egotistical, but I think I can make it plainer. One hardship I try to endure as a good soldier is my teaching. I love music. Some of my pupils are a joy and an inspiration to me. Then there are others whose dullness and lack of feeling sometimes seem to me like a profanation of the art I so love. I try to overcome this and to lead them to feel the beauty of music, knowing that in no other way could I so broaden their lives. My duties in church and Sabbath school are not hardships, but they can be done well or ill, and I want to be a good soldier.'

Her voice falterd. Nora recalled her aunt's constant cheerfulness, her ready sympathy, her charity and her loyalty to the right. Was it possible that these things were as pleasing to Christ as the great things done by the few?

The room was very still. The light had all faded from the western sky, and darkness hid the faces of the two. Nora was thinking. Notwithstanding her day dreams, she was of a practical turn of mind and had already begun to apply the lesson learned to her own life.

'Do you mean, Auntie Ruth,' she began, hesitatingly, 'that my work as a good soldier is to willingly help mamma around the house, be patient with the boys and faithful about my lessons? Do you mean that such things are the things the Master wants of me?' and there was a tender reverence in her sweet voice.

'These things, dear, and others. You have the poor, the church, the Sabbath-school and your young friends. If some of these are hardships, endure. Obedience is a soldier's law, Nora, and when obedience comes to be joy, life is a perfect harmony.'

'Thank you, dear Auntie Ruth, I will commence my present campaign at once. Mamma is shopping, and papa took the boys for a drive. I will have supper ready when they come home. No, you are not going to help me. You are going to have a half hour at the piano, a half hour of complete happiness for you and real enjoyment for me, because I can listen while working. Now not a word. Remember you said obedience is a soldier's law and I—well, Auntie Ruth, if I am to be a soldier I am ambitious enough to want to commence as commander-in-chief—just for to-night.'

Ruth did as she was bidden. Sitting at the piano in the darkness, she played sweet music that had in its notes a rapturous strain of gladness.

Nora listened as she worked. She lighted a tiny fire in the dining-room grate and laid the table prettily, putting at her mother's place a slender glass vase of pink carnations and smilax. From the kitchen came the odors of oysters and coffee.

'Auntie Ruth is right,' Nora said,with a decisive nod of her dark head. 'Instead of being a martyr or hero of long ago, I'd rather live to-day and be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ." '—Hope Daring, in the 'Evangelical.'

Laurie's Sorrow.

Poor Laurie! Everything went wrong with her at school that morning, and a heavy cloud had hidden away all the sunshine of the usually bright little face; but what was the matter, neither the governess nor her companions knew.

Perhaps if Mrs. St. Clair, the head mistress, had been in the school-room, she might have been able to discover some clue to the mystery; for Mrs. St. Clair was the one person in the world who had unbounded influence over her little motherless pupil, Laurie Rivers.

True, her father loved her passionately, and indulged her in every possible way; but he was a great student, and spent nearly all his time among his books.

The morning dragged slowly on to Laurie, as mornings have a way of doing when things are going cross; and at last, it was time for the Scripture class, which Mrs. St. Clair usually took herself, but her place was filled this morning by the English governess, Miss Rose.

Laurie either did not answer at all, or replied to the questions addressed to her very indifferently; until at last, upon Miss Rose remonstrating, she said passionately:

'I don't want to answer the questions, and I don't want to hear about God, for I don't believe he loves me the least little bit.'

There was a little hush of consternation after this outbreak, and for a moment neither governess nor girls spoke. Then Miss Rose said calmly, 'Laurie Rivers, I am ashamed of you. You had better leave the class if that is how you feel.'

At last school was over, and with a sigh of relief but not pleasure, Laurie was preparing to put on her hat and cape to go home, when Miss Rose laid her hand on her arm, saying quietly, 'Laurie, Mrs. St. Clair wants to speak to you.'

Mrs. St. Clair was sitting at the writing-table in her study as Laurie opened the door. One quick glance only at the child's face revealed to her what had remained a sealed mystery to everyone else during the morning—that Laurie had some secret trouble. Without a word, she held out her arms, and in another second Laurie was wrapped close in that tender embrace, and then pouring out all her sorrow between bitter sobs and tears.

Ah, me. It was such a terrible sorrow to that lonely, loving child-heart; and though to the tender woman listening, who had tasted some of the bitterest drops in life's cup (for Mrs. St. Clair was a widow, and had left her husband and baby sleeping side by side in a far-off foreign land), the cause of the grief must have been so tiny, she showed no sign of this, but only drew Laurie closer, comforting her with

loving words and kisses. So it seemed quite natural that poor Laurie should sob in this heartbroken way, just because her Persian cat, Fluffy, had gone out the night before, and had not been seen or heard of since!

For did not Mrs. St. Clair know how lonely that little motherless girl often was; and how Fluffy was her almost constant companion, trotting beside her in the garden and often lying at the foot of her bed while she slept, curled up in a huge soft mass of grey, silken fur.

'Mrs. St. Clair,' Laurie's voice was very shaky, 'will you ask God to send Fluffy home again? I have been so bad, and I said I didn't believe he loved me, that I daren't ask him; but perhaps he would hear you.'

Mrs. St. Clair's eyes had a very sweet expression in them, as he answered, 'Yes, Laurie, I will certainly do as you ask; but, little one, you must pray too, and if you have had hard thoughts of your Father's love, tell him so, and ask his forgiveness.

'And now, dear, you must run home to dinner,' Mrs. St. Clair continued, 'but'—with an anxious glance at the child's flushed face and bright eyes, for Laurie was very delicate—'this is the Wednesday half-holiday; if you would invite me to tea with you, Laurie, I could come to you this afternoon.'

'Would you really?' Laurie's hug was expressive; and Mrs. St. Clair was rewarded by the bright look of pleasure which shone on the little tear-stained face.

Laurie was all ready to receive Mrs. St. Clair when she arrived at Roselands early in the afternoon; and Mrs. St. Clair had guessed rightly when she so willingly gave up her afternoon of quiet, to give Laurie what she knew was the greatest pleasure in her power, that the little excitement of having a guest to entertain would keep her thoughts from dwelling too incessantly on her lost pet; and it was only by a long-drawn sigh now and then that Laurie showed she had not forgotten.

When tea was over, and it was getting dusk, Laurie crept into Mrs. St. Clair's arms again to have one of the talks she loved about 'mother.' Mrs. St. Clair had been Laurie's mother's dearest friend, and so, of course, she knew all about her; and then she had a lovely way of talking, which never made Laurie sad, just as if God was the most tender loving Father anyone could imagine, and Heaven, his beautiful Home, waiting for every one of us, to which every day was bringing us nearer; where our dear ones, who had reached it first, looked forward with brightest joy to the happy time when all would be together again, and when good-bye would have been said for the last time, for ever and ever.

Mrs. St. Clair had been silent for a minute or two, and Laurie was lying dreamily looking into the fire, when there was a soft, peculiar scratching at the door. In a second Laurie was across the room with the delighted exclamation:

'Oh! Mrs. St. Clair, it must, it must be Fluffy!' and, in less time than it takes me to write, the door was open and Laurie's dear lost pet was safely cuddled in her arms.

Mrs. St. Clair was almost as pleased as Laurie, and I am afraid Fluffy was petted and made much of, and altogether spoilt in a shocking manner; instead of being scolded for all the trouble he had caused.

But, as Mrs. St. Clair kissed her little friend good-night, Laurie whispered, 'I have thanked God for sending Fluffy back, Mrs. St. Clair, and I'll never, never say he doesn't love me any more, even if Fluffy gets lost again.'—The 'Christian.'

Lucy's Empty Boxes.

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.)

Lucy Emberger was a little Dutch girl, with piercing black eyes, sallow complexion and light hair. She wore one plait down over her back, tied at the end with a piece of red flannel. Her dress was of coarse brown gingham, and her shoes of heavy calfskin. Half the little girls at school, with their pretty dresses and white aprons, sometimes tried to hold their heads above Lucy, but they were always sure to come down again, for Lucy was such a jolly little girl they could not get along without her. She could run the fastest, jump the highest, laugh the heartiest and introduce the most new games of any little girl in the school—but nobody ever went to see Lucy, for she lived in a tumble-down old house, with old rags stuffed in the windows, and very often the sound of such harsh voices came from the house that people walking by would cross to the other side.

When Lucy went to the village store the storekeeper always knew what she wanted.

'Please, sir,' she would say, 'have you got any empty boxes?' And he would always feel around the shelves until he found her some. When it was a tobacco box Lucy's eyes fairly beamed, and she said two or three extra 'thankees.'

'I wouldn't be bothered so,' said some of the customers in the store.

'She's perfectly welcome,' said the storekeeper. 'I'd only burn 'em if I didn't give 'em away.'

'What does she do with them?'

'I never could tell you. I suppose I have given her four or five hundred in my time. Once she wanted soap and starch boxes—wood, you know. I suppose she wanted them for kindling.'

No, Mr. Esterhazy didn't know, but the little girls at school knew. The tobacco boxes were made into lovely little work boxes and writing desks, Lucy's presents to those she loved best, and right in one corner of the school yard was the most wonderful doll house, made of soap and starch boxes, so arranged together as to form rooms, and every one furnished with pasteboard boxes, cut out into little chairs, table, bedsteads and the like. Lucy cut out the frames in pasteboard, sewed them together, then covered them with bright pieces brought to school by her playmates. The parlor was the pride of every little girl's heart, for a pretty piece of carpet lay on the floor, there was a sofa and arm chairs sitting against the walls and a round table in the middle all dressed up in red and with a green fern growing in a white bowl on top. There was fair wall paper on the walls and everything complete. Little dolls sat around in chairs and were lying upstairs in the beds, and when there was no black doll for the kitchen Lucy just made one out of black cloth, with white buttons sewed in the forehead for eyes, a bright red dress on, and a bright red handkerchief wound about her head.

Even the boys respected the girls' doll house, but when they saw the black doll they laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

The boys made a shelf that let down from the upper room on hinges, and inclosed the house when no one was playing with it. The boys also planted two cedar trees, one at each end of the house, and made a little lawn in front, planted with small flowers.

One day Lucy's father was killed in a drunken brawl, and Lucy was seen at school no more for a week, then she came with black yarn tied around the end of her plait, and black yarn around her neck and waist. It was a pitiful attempt to put on mourning, and all the children spoke very softly to Lucy all that first day.

At noon, when they all went out to the dolls' house, Lucy took pencil and paper taking down one doll after another and holding the pencil in each stiff, tiny hand while she made them sign the temperance pledge.

'There,' she said, 'if my papa had signed the pledge he would never have been killed.' Then, turning around to her playmates, with a little choke in her voice, she said: 'Don't you all want to sign the pledge?' I have,' and every child put down his or her name.

One of the children told the teacher, and she said, 'Why, a Band of Hope has started, and Lucy is president.'

Well, the dolls all kept their pledges, I know, and so far as I can learn, so did all the boys and girls.

As for Lucy, she made a grand woman. She learned to be a milliner, and was so successful that she made good wages, enough to support her mother and two little brothers with most of the comforts of life.

The last time I saw her she owned a millinery store of her own and a beautiful home, and she entertained me by talking and laughing over old school days: 'I was always determined to make somebody,' she said, 'even if I was poor. I knew if I would be industrious, steady and temperate I would be successful and so I have, and you don't know how much that pledge helped me. You know I have a good many German friends and they don't believe there is so much evil in the intoxicating cup as we Americans do, and when they have pressed me to drink I fear I should have done it several times but for thinking of my father and the pledge. As I have grown older I have grown stronger, and I don't think any one could tempt me to break that pledge now; and I have been successful also in getting many others to sign it, in some cases even Germans. That is my greatest triumph, and I thank God.'

Days of Her Happiness.

(Belle Sutfin Moore, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

A mother reclined in her easy chair;
The floor was spotless, the cloth was white,
The brasses were polished, the glass shone fair.
And the room in itself was warm and bright.

But she sat alone in her quiet ease,
For the years had come to her fair and fast;
And memory brought from the past afar
This happy gleam from a by-gone day.

A little soiled and muddy shoe,
Dropped heedless by the kitchen door;
Wee, childish tumults to subdue,
And playthings lying on the floor.

Bright, tangled curls to comb and brush;
Tired little ones to tuck in bed,
With childish murmurings to hush,
And 'Now I lay me's' to be said.

The many steps for tired feet;
The busy days and anxious nights;
Questions the mother-heart must meet;
The cry for grace to lead aright.

The mother looked over her tidy room—
No littering playthings, no wee, torn dress,
No trouble or noise—yet she cried in her gloom,
'Oh! those were the days of my happiness.'

Sally's Release.

The fire was sulky that morning, and would not burn. Little Sally puffed and blew, took the wood out and relaid it, blacking her face and hands in the process, but all to no purpose. Then she did what she had seen her mother do, she poured some paraffin on the coals, and immediately the stuff blazed up, and the girl was, the next moment, enveloped in fire. Her screams brought her mother and brothers in a rush to her side, but they could not extinguish the flames in time to save her. Terribly burned, she was carried to the nearest hospital, and there everything that skill and kindness could do was done; but Sally sank rapidly, and died the next day. She was all the time crying and moaning about her mother: 'What will mother do? She cannot do all the work herself. Oh, my poor, poor mother.' At the last she was very quiet, and the nurses heard her crooning a little song—a strange one for so young a child, a song that must have been intended for world-worn men and women, and not for children. It was:

Though ofttimes here we're weary,
There is sweet rest in heaven.
Sweet rest, sweet rest, there is sweet rest in heaven.

It seemed to comfort the child—and so she died.

The story of little Sally's life from day to day was one of almost unceasing work. She rose at six in the morning, lighted the fire and got breakfast ready, then dressed the other children—three of them—who were too small to dress themselves. After that she did a little 'work,' the work being the making of artificial flowers, which her mother took in to do, so as to eke out with a few shillings the small income of the family. The father was a laborer, who earned fifteen shillings a week when he made full time; then he gave his wife ten shillings to pay the rent and buy food and clothing for the children and herself and him. He was, his wife, declared, a very generous man—he only kept five shillings for himself! Sometimes, of course, there was no work, and then there was no money for any of them, and times were hard. But they could make a little, Sally and her mother together, over the artificial flowers, for Sally's little fingers were very apt, and she was quick, and did not soil or crumple the material. So from six in the morning until ten at night, the child was at work in the close little room where was no fire, nor any ventilation, and where all the evening the only light they had to work by was a little cheap lamp, in which the dangerous low-flash oil was used.

Sally was always sweet tempered in the morning, and quite merry sometimes with the younger children. Her greatest trouble had to do with education. As soon as she got well into her work she would hear the loud bell clanging which summoned her to school. She always kept on until the last minute, and never joined the girls who had five minutes' play in the school playground before going in. Sally rushed off just in time to secure a mark and avoid the teacher's scolding, and that was all. She was not a very good scholar, and in her own mind she thought it wicked waste of time to go to school at all when she might have been at work all the while. They would not excuse her, though, for she had not passed the necessary standard, and had to attend both morning and afternoon. She was nearly eleven now and was her mother's confidant in everything. When the baby was teething poor Sally had rather a bad time, because she was so sorry for her mother that she took the little one by night as well as by day. And when 'dad had a drop,' as her mother used to call it, and was quarrelsome and difficult, Sally could generally pacify him better than anybody else. So she was greatly in request, and a very useful little person, accepting without a complaint the limitations of her lot, and almost oblivious to the fact that she had any self with any rights, so occupied was she with the troubles and needs of other people.

One worry Sally had of her own—she suffered with her eyes. Too close application probably, and too little food and rest, affected her sight, and gave her often a bad headache. Then the poor child would work with a drawn face, and look quite aged and worn. Her mother did not often notice, and when she did, and saw how the child peered at her work with her eyes close to it, she used to say that she would take her to the hospital and get a pair of spectacles for her. That was a great joke, which did duty many times. When the children were cross and troublesome, Sally used to cut a pair of spectacles out of paper and put them above her nose, and turn the tears to smiles by her own grotesque appearance. Her mother could never spare an hour to take her child to the hospital, and so Sally never got the glasses to wear, except in her dreams.

To poor little Sally Sundays were like other days. Sometimes she got up early and did some washing to help mother. Sometimes she worked at the artificial flowers. Once she went to a Sunday school connected with the mission hall, and it was there she learnt about 'Sweet rest in heaven.' She gave up going because she had no Sunday clothes, and was too proud to show herself among the other children who had. Once her mother asked her if she would like a rose she was making to put on her hat, and was quite surprised at the passion of the child. 'Roses!' she said. 'No, I hate the sight of these roses.'

There was a day when Sally very nearly went into the country and saw real live roses growing on trees. Some kind people were taking the children for what they—the children—called a 'hout,' and Sally had her chance. Her old frock was washed clean and mended, and her hat at that time was not so very bad but it would pass muster. The mother had been persuaded to spare her valuable assistant for just one day, and all things were ready. And then Tommy fell down and sprained his foot, and Sally had not the heart to leave him.

There was great lamentation when Sally died. The worried mother wondered what in the world she was to do without her, and she shed some tears of natural affection for the little daughter who had been a wonderful comfort and help to her. But the Salvation Army captain told her she ought to be glad and thankful for Sally's sake. 'They let them play up there,' she said, 'and rest, and see beautiful things. Oh! If she was my child I should be glad to have her for a little angel in heaven. She went up in a fiery chariot; but Jesus loves her, and what a good thing it is for Sally to be safe there! Do be unselfish, and don't grudge her Heaven.'

And the mother said she would try.—Marianne Farningham, in 'Christian World.'

The government of the United States of America prohibits the use of the cigarette at West Point and Annapolis on sanitary and moral grounds. Many colleges prohibit its use.—'Pacific Ensign.'

Your Grievance.

A young man enters a store, an office, a bank. He soon discovers that his employer is a hard master, exacting, unreasonable, irascible, impossible to please. He does his best for a while, endures what he cannot avoid, and tries to be efficient and faithful. By and by he begins to brood over the situation. He finds his empolyer bears in the community just the reputation that he deserves. He has been unable to keep good men in his employ, changes very frequently, and the community understands why. Now our young man begins to meditate, exploiting his grievance and raising an issue with his employer. 'Surely,' he argues, 'the public will take my side. Everyone will understand why I leave such a man. I shall never need to say that I resigned voluntarily. If there is to be a quarrel, it will be the public and myself against this one odious man. I have nothing to lose, and everything to gain.' So he joins issue only to find the public entirely indifferent, and himself unable to explain to those of whom he seeks employment why he did not remain in his former place, and endure the hardships with manly courage and patience. Their conclusion is that if he could not get on with one employer, it is extremely doubtful whether he can got on with another, and they, at least, do not care to take the chances.

It was a favorite saying of Mr. Moody that 'God has no use for a discouraged man.' May we not add, 'The world has no use for a man with a grievance'? There is probably no practical lesson that the young so urgently need to learn. Every position in life has its hardships, which are very easily transformed into grievances. A little brooding over the former, and, lo! they are the latter. The first suggestion of wisdom is to avoid that brooding as you would contagion. Accept them as simply hardships, indispensable parts of healthful discipline, unavoidable in any occupation or calling, wherever exercised. Endure them bravely, patiently, and, above all, silently. Next to brooding over them, talking about them will make them grievances. Talk about anything, even the weather, but never about your hardships.—'Sunday School Times.'

Great Value in Small Parts.

When we take a day, and see how much can be crowded into it, and then when we see how many days are in a life, life seems great. Divide anything up into parts and you magnify it.

A certain wise man took this way to give his wife an idea of how much one thousand dollars is. She had no idea of money. Her purchases were enormous. It happened one day that her eye fell upon a magnificent ring, and she coveted it. It cost one thousand dollars. But what was one thousand dollars to her in comparison with the ring? Of course, her husband consented to the purchase. What else could a dutiful and affectionate husband do? But he tried this method of educating his wife concerning the great price of the ring. He instructed his banker to send her the one thousand dollars in small pieces—pennies, dimes, quarters. In came the money, bagful after bagful. She never had such an idea of a thousand dollars before.

When the money was piled before her, it alarmed her; the price of the ring went up a hundredfold, and was considered at once an extravagance which she of her own option abandoned. A human life broken up into days is like a thousand dollars broken up into coppers and fractional silver pieces. —Rev. David Gregg, D.D.

The Elephant as Nurse.

A Mahout Indian elephant keeper wanted to go to the bazaar to buy some food, and not wishing to take with him his little child, which had lost its mother, gave it into the care of the elephant of which he had the charge. At the same time he told her to be faithful and guard her trust, and she seemed perfectly to understand. He then left the elephant picketed, the baby lying on the ground before her.

Some English officers, hearing what the mahout had said, determined to try if it were not possible to tempt the animal from her trust. They began by offering such fruits as they knew she was likely to be most fond of, never doubting for a moment that she would instantly turn away from the child. But no, she eyed the fruit with a sidelong though approving glance, at the same time not attempting to stir, keeping her head just over the child. Then the men, with long bamboos having a loop of cord at the end, tried to draw the little one away from where the mahout had placed it. At this the elephant showed great anger.

In vain they did everything they could think of; the careful guardian would neither be bribed nor moved, standing over her unconscious charge, frowning fierce defiance. The mahout at last returned, when the noble animal took the baby in her trunk, and placing it gently in the father's arms, flourished her trunk, to show that she had faithfully done her duty, and turning towards the officers, she took the fruit from their hands with the most evident pleasure.—'Children's Friend.'

DRAWING LESSON.

How Bessie's Light Shone.

It was a very dismal day. The sun was hidden by clouds, and every now and then little gusts of wind blew the rain against the windows, and moaned and sighed through the pine-trees.

Bessie Deane stood at the window of the old farmhouse drumming on the pane. She looked disconsolate, yes, actually cross, and once in a while a tear stole down her cheek and fell on the glass, as if in sympathy with the storm without.

'I never saw such a dark, lonesome, gloomy day in all my life, never,' she said. 'Papa gone, mamma sick with a headache, baby cross and here I am all alone. There isn't a single thing bright and pleasant, and I just think it is too bad!'

The tears fell fast now, and the brown curls bobbed expressively up and down among the curtains.

After she had cried a long time she became thoughtful and began looking out of the window again. Presently she began to speak her thoughts; 'Grandma says when I cry and think everything is awful lonesome, it is because I have forgotten something. She says if I would read my verses in the morning and try to practice them all day I shouldn't have time to be lonesome. I did forget this morning, and I believe I'll go and read my verses now just to pass away the time.'

She quickly ran and got her verses and sat down in the big easy chair to read them. As she read on her face grew very sober, and she again indulged in her habit of thinking aloud:

'They're all about us being the light of the world, and letting our light shine. I wonder if the lights are all gone out, that makes this such a dark, dismal day. I remember when the teacher gave us those verses she said, "Now children, remember if the day is very dark without you can make it very bright and sunshiny within by letting your light shine all day long." I don't believe my light has shone a bit all day, and to-day needs it more than most others. I'm going to try, right away, and see what I can do.'

The little girl jumped up with a face far more cheerful than it had been a half-hour before. Indeed, Bessie was like an April day, so full of changes was she, but after a little shower the sun often shone the brightest.

She didn't have to wait long to

find something to do, for baby was crying pitifully in the sitting-room. She went in and took baby in her arms and sang to her until the tired little one had fallen asleep, then Bessie went into mamma's room.

Mamma was wide-awake and suffering severely with her head, but her first words made Bessie glad:

'It was so thoughtful of my little girl to stop baby's crying when mamma's head ached so.'

Bessie said nothing, but began bathing the aching head. Her little hands grew very tired, but she would not stop until she thought mamma was asleep; then after pulling down the shades she stole softly out of the room and down-stairs.

The clock struck five just as she entered the kitchen, and remembering that it was nearly tea time, she began setting the table for papa's supper.

When papa came home that night and called her 'Little Sunshine,' and mamma awoke much refreshed, and baby laughed and crowed after her nap, Bessie thought the world seemed very different than it had been a few hours before, and she could hardly believe it when she looked out of the window and saw the rain pouring down as steadily as it had been in the early part of the afternoon.

'I guess it's because the lights are shining again inside that makes it so bright,' she softly said.—Maude Glenn Colby, in 'S.S. Messenger.'

Bread and Point.

'I wish you'd go around by the grocery, Mattie,' said Mrs. Gray, 'and ask Mr. Brown to send up three pounds of butter.'

'I don't believe Sarah will want to go that way,' thought Mattie, as she ran off to met her schoolmate, who was waving to her from the opposite corner.

'Let's hurry,' said Sarah at once, 'and we'll have time to play hop-scotch before the bell rings.'

'There!' exclaimed Mattie, 'I knew you wouldn't want to go to Brown's.'

'Can't you go there on the way home?' asked Sarah.

'Yes, I guess it will do just as well,' and Mattie kept on toward school.

At noon her mother asked if she forgot her errand.

'I have just been to the store,' said Mattie.

'The butter won't be sent up till afternoon if you didn't go before school, and there isn't enough for lunch,' said her mother. 'I'm afraid you'll have to eat great-grandmother's bread and point, because you didn't do what I asked you.'

When they sat down at the table the potatoes were baked to a turn, and the muffins looked so brown and crisp and tempting that Joe exclaimed, Spelicious! This is better than geometry!'

'Joe, you may have what butter there is,' said Mrs. Gray, 'and Mattie may have the butter-knife.'

'What do I want of the butter-knife,' said Mattie, crossly, 'if I can't have anything on my muffins, and only salt on my potatoes? I'd rather have great-grandmother's bread and point. I s'pose that's some kind of jam. isn't it?'

Mrs. Gray smiled. 'When great-grandmother was a little girl,' she said, 'and didn't do as she was told, I've heard that her mother used to give her only bread for supper, and point the butter-knife at it.'

'That's a queer dish,' said Joe, as he buttered his second potato; 'it wouldn't do for boys.'

But Mattie didn't say one word. —Anna M. Pratt, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Some Knowing Birds.

(Florence A. Jones, in 'Pets and Animals.')

One night, during a time of unusually severe weather, the family were awakened by hearing a shrill voice cry out, 'Hello, Hello!'

'What's the matter, Polly?' sleepily enquired her owner.

'Cold, cold—O, O,' cried Polly, shivering audibly and repeating her complaint.

Needless to say that her master hastily arose and removed her to warmer quarters.

We at one time owned a pet pigeon who seemed to dislike every member of the family but father, to whom she took a great fancy, following him about wherever he went.

One morning my father started for church, but when a short distance from the house he heard the flutter of wings, and, in an instant, the pigeon was on his shoulder, cooing softly and ruffling her feathers in a pretty coaxing way.

He turned, and taking her back to the house, deposited her on the porch, again starting on his way to church.

But again came the whirr of wings and Puff was once more on the shoulder of her beloved friend, only to be carried back to the house again.

Three times was this repeated, when poor Puff was finally shut up, allowing father to go in peace.

Puff dearly loved music, and whenever she caught the sound of the piano she would quickly fly to the door, beating against it until allowed to enter, when she would fly to the piano.

Can You ?

Can you put the spider's web back
in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the
bough,
Which fell at our feet to-day ?
Can you put the lily-cup back on
the stem,
And cause it to live and to
grow ?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty
blow ?
Can you put the bloom again on the
grape,
And the grape again on the vine ?
Can you put the dewdrops back on
the flowers
And make them sparkle and
shine ?
Can you put the petals back on the
rose ?
If you could, would it smell as
sweet?
Can you put the flower again on the
husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel back in the
nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell ?
Can you put the honey back in the
comb,
And cover with wax each cell ?
Can you put the perfume back in
the vase
When once it has sped away ?
Can you put the corn-silk back on
the corn,
Or down on the catkins ? Say,
You think my questions are trifling.
dear ?
Let me ask another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?

—'Waif.'

LESSON VIII.—Nov. 25.

Sober Living.

(WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.)

Titus ii., 1-15. Memory verses, 11-14. Read Isaiah xxviii.

Daily Readings.

M. Not defiled—Dan. i., 8.21.
T. Rechabites—Jer. xxxv., 1-19.
W. Nazarites—Numb. vi., 1-21.
T. A Raging—Prov. xxiii., 29-35.
F. A Mocker—Prov. xx., 1-11.
S. Be strong—Eph. vi., 10-20.

Golden Text.

'We should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.'—Titus ii., 12.

Lesson Text.

(1) But speak thou the things that become sound doctrine: (2) That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience. (3) The aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; (4) That they teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, (5) to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed. (6) Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded. (7) In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, (8) sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is on the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you. (9) Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; (10) not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. (11) For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, (12) teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; (13) looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; (14) who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. (15) These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee.

Suggestions.

As this is Temperance Sunday all over the world, it would be well to make a special feature of Temperance, by having an address on the subject, and perhaps a recitation or two, and a signing of the pledge by the whole school as far as possible. In back numbers of the 'Messenger' may be found materials for a talk on the evils of intemperance. Every teacher should try to persuade her own class members to sign the pledge, and if a large one could be made of cardboard and hung up in the school-room, when as many names as possible were secured, it would be an effective reminder to all. Some pledges read, 'I promise to abstain from intoxicating drinks, tobacco and bad language, for one year.' Many will sign for one year who do not at first like to sign for their whole life.

Every child that means to have great victories in manhood or womanhood, should get little victories in childhood. The control of temper, the assertion of mastery over appetites, the refusal to indulge even in innocent things, the setting one's self to tasks of memory, or other achievement, is a drill in kingship,—is getting the hand used to a scepter, and the head fitted for a crown.'—Bishop H. W. Warren.

Spurgeon says:—'This age is the battlefield in which the soldier of Christ is to fight. Society is the place in which Christianity is to exhibit the graces of Christ. It is of no use for you to scheme to escape from it. You are bound to breast this torrent, and buffet all its waves. If the grace of God is in you, that grace is meant to be displayed, not in a select and secluded retreat, but in this present world.

'This life is described in a three-fold way. You are first, to live soberly—that is, for yourself. "Soberly" in all your eating and your drinking, and in the indulgence of all bodily appetites—that goes without saying. You are to live soberly in all your thinking, all your speaking, all your acting. There is to be sobriety in all your worldly pursuits. You are to have yourself well in hand; you are to be self-restrained. The man who is disciplined by the grace of God becomes thoughtful, considerate, self-contained, and he is no longer tossed about by passion, or swayed by prejudice.

'As to his fellow-man, the believer lives "righteously." . . . If you profess to be servants of God deny all partnership with unrighteousness. Dishonesty and falsehood are the opposites of godliness. A Christian man may be poor, but he must live righteously; he may lack sharpness, but he must not lack integrity. A Christian profession without uprightness is a lie. Grace must discipline us to righteous living.

'Towards God we are told that we are to be "godly." Every man who has the grace of God in him will think much of God, and will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. God will enter into all his calculations, God's presence will be his joy, God's strength will be his confidence, God's providence will be his inheritance, God's glory will be the chief end of his being, God's law the guide of his conversation.

'What is the way to be ready to meet Jesus? It is the same Jesus that went away from us who is coming, then let us be doing what he was doing before he went away. If it is the same Jesus that is coming, we cannot possibly put ourselves into a posture of which he will better approve than by going about, doing good. If you would meet him with joy, serve him with earnestness. If the Lord Jesus were to come to-day I would like him to find me at my studying, praying or preaching. Would you not like him to find you in your Sunday school, in your class, or out there at the corner of the street preaching, or doing whatever you have the privilege of doing in his name?'

Questions.

What advice is given for old men? What for young men? How should servants behave? Does this apply to all Christians? How should we live in this world? Why did Christ give himself for us? What are we doing for him?

THE OLD DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide; the rosy wine had
ebbed away and left its
crystal side; and the
wind went humming,
humming, up and
down the sides it
flew, and through
its reed-like, hollow
neck, the wildest notes
it blew. I placed it in
the window, where the
blast was blowing free, and
fancied that its pale mouth
sang the queerest strains to me.
"They tell me—puny conquerors!
the Plague has slain his ten, and
War his hundred thousand of the very
best of men; but I,"—'twas thus the bottle
spake—"but I have conquered more than all
your famous conquerors so feared and famed of
yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all, come
drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the
brains and burns the spirits up; that puts to shame
your conquerors that slay their scores below, for
this has deluged millions with the lava tide of
woe. Though in the path of battle dark-
est waves of blood may roll; yet while
I killed the body, I have damned
the very soul. The cholera,
the plagues, the sword, such
ruin never wrought as I, in mirth or
malice, on the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and they
shrink before my breath; and year by year my
thousands tread the dismal road of DEATH."

—*Anon.*

C. E. Topic.

Nov. 25.—Praise the Lord. Ps. cxlvii., 1.20. (Thanksgiving meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

BE YE THANKFUL.

Mon., Nov. 19—For the past. Ps. xvii., 4.
Tues, Nov. 20.—For health. Ps. xxx., 3.
Wed., Nov. 21—For our land. Jer. xxxii., 22.
Thu., Nov. 22.—For our schools. Prov. viii., 11.
Fri., Nov. 23—For the Bible. II. Tim., iii., 15.
Sat., Nov. 24—For Jesus Christ. Luke i., 68.
Sun., Nov. 25.—Topic—Praise God! for what? Ps. cxvii., 1-20. (Thanksgiving meeting.)

Studying the Lesson at Home

(By Rev. G. W. Miesse, in 'Living Epistle.')

For two Sundays in succession the Sabbath schools at —— Were closed on account of an epidemic of scarlet fever then prevailing in the community. It was a trying time for those who were accustomed to attend church and Sabbath school every Sabbath. The closed churches and silent bells gave to the day a sombre aspect instead of that lively cheer which it usually brings to those who delight in the services of God's house, and many were really glad when the day was past.

To some, however, the disappointment was a lesson in disguise that opened their eyes to recognize a long neglected duty and privilege, viz., the study of the lesson at home. In a number of families the lessons of the day were taken up and studied, so that instead of only two Sunday schools in that town on those two Sundays, there were probably a score or more. This alternative, under the circumstances, proved quite satisfactory. One brother remarked to his pastor, 'that never in all his life had he been so interested in a Sunday school lesson as he was on those two Sundays,' and nearly all came to the conclusion that it pays to study the lesson at home. Let us hope that the good work may continue, not only in those families and in that particular community, but that by some means a new interest in this direction may spring up all over the field of Sunday school work, for surely there is great need of it.

Let it be understood, however, that the study of the lesson at home should not be designated as a substitute for Sunday school attendance, but that it should be pursued with the view of attending Sunday school. Home study should bear the same relation to the Sunday school as the morning and evening studies of the child sustain to our public schools. No matter how familiar one may become with the lesson by studying it alone, there still remains much to be made clear to the comprehension by a mutual interchange of thought in the Sunday school class.

The lack of this kind of home work accounts mainly for the shallow work and lagging condition of many Sunday schools where it is a common thing for scholars to come to the school without any previous knowledge of the lesson, and in many instances, the best that some teachers do is to 'look over the lesson' just before coming to Sunday school, so that instead of looking into and through the lesson they only look over it, which, of course, is the best they can do in so short a time. A lesson well studied at home by teachers and scholars makes an interesting Sunday school, no matter what other equipments it may lack. Pastors and Sunday school superintendents should urge this matter strongly and continually both by example and precept.

No one should plead the lack of time for this important work, for there is enough time wasted the year round which, if utilized in the study of the lesson, would give each person seven solid hours per week for this work, and still there would be plenty of unemployed time left. One of the best books a certain author ever produced was written while he was obliged to wait in the sitting room of his boarding house for his meals after being called, and so if only a portion of our unemployed fragments of time are employed in the study of the Sunday school lesson, it will be surprising to see how much we can learn during the week.

The teacher to be successful must be a constant learner. If he ceases to be a learner for himself, he might as well cease to be a teacher of anybody else. If his mind is not taking in fresh truth, it is not likely to give out old truth as if it were fresh.—'Living Epistle.'

Temperance

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XI.—STATEMENTS IN REGARD TO WINE FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1. Q.—How did the earliest German, French, and Anglo-Saxon 'witan' or wise men legislate?

A.—In all their generations they passed laws against fermented wines.

2. Q.—What did Montclambert say in the National Assembly of France as early as 1850?

A.—'Where there is a wine cup, there are the elements of disease, and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interest of the workman.'

3. Q.—What was the report of the Committee of the French Government on the national vice of wine drinking in 1872?

A.—They decided that wine drinking was the greatest evil that menaced the moral and physical power of the French people.

4. Q.—What does the report of a member of the National Society for Penitentiary Reform in Switzerland, 1872, state?

A.—That the liberty of the wine traffic, and intoxication therefrom, is the cause of one-half the crimes committed.

5. Q.—What did Cardinal Acton, late Supreme Judge at Rome, in Italy, state?

A.—That nearly all the crimes at Rome 'originated in the use of wine.'

6. Q.—What did Recorder Hill, appointed to gather facts abroad to influence British legislation, report in 1858?

A.—'Each of the governors of state prisons in Baden and Bavaria assured me that it was wine in one country, and beer in the other, which filled their jails.'

(To be Continued.)

Nearly Lost.

A few days ago I listened to a thrilling chapter in a life history. It was a bit of autobiography related to a small group of sympathetic listeners. The man who told the tale is now one of the most efficient and useful Christian men whom I know, but before he came to a personal knowledge of Christ and to a realization of the noble possibilities of his life he tasted to excess the pleasures of this world and learned the shame and sorrow which are the inevitable consequences of dissipation. But God had blessed him with a good mother and with friends who spoke the tender, yet earnest, words of remonstrance that turned the current of his life. As I looked at him in the strength of his young manhood and felt the touch of his consecrated spirit, and realized the character and extent of his Christian influence, I let my mind dwell for a moment on what he would have been to-day had he not faced right about a dozen years ago. He would have been a disgrace to himself and a burden to those who loved him, and, more than that, he would have been a weakling, for liquor saps the strength of any life. In one way and another the lesson that temperance means power is being driven home to this generation. The men who would get on in a business house or on the railway must let liquor alone. The growing complexity of business requires that workmen in almost any department of life cannot keep themselves too pure morally if they would gain success and promotion.—Rev. H. A. Bridgman.

An Instructive Story.

A mother in Philadelphia told me an instructive story about her two boys. The father died when the boys were small, and the mother had to do everything for them. She brought them up and gave them a good business education. The older one she sent to Zurich to complete him as an architect and engineer. While there he got to drinking with the European students. The mother went to Zurich and told her son she would not spend another dollar on his education unless he stopped his drinking. He refrained sufficiently to graduate. He obtained a fine position with a splendid firm in Philadelphia. Being talented and sober he soon won the confidence of the firm. They sent him West to put up a three hundred thousand dollar plant. He completed the work but drank heavily while superintending the work. Instead of returning East, he wrote to his mother that he had a splendid opportunity to go into business with a good partner, and if she would send him a few thousand, he would not only pay it back, but would soon be in a position to take handsome care of her. So the mother took part of her small capital and sent it to her firstborn. He squandered it in drink and did not go into business at all.

The mother said, sadly, 'He is now a wanderer upon the face of the earth, I know not where—have not heard from him for a long time.'

How about the other boy. He never drank. He began at the bottom with Baldwin locomotive works, did everything faithfully, worked his way up and was the other day sent by the firm to Paris to take charge of their engine exhibit at the World's Fair, and is to travel extensively in Europe and Asia in the interest of the company.

This is simply a fair contrast between the results of drinking and total abstinence—a lesson for American youth—W. G. Hubbard.

Drink and the Soldiers.

Two soldiers were once rolling a barrel of rum towards the canteen at one of the camps in India. One of the men remarked to the other: 'I say, Bill, how many court-martials are there inside?' The man of course meant that the contents of the barrel could make men drunk, and then there would be disorder, disobedience, wrong-doing and the consequent punishment by court-martial. It was a very sensible remark, for every barrel of strong drink, whether it is rum or whiskey, wine or ale, has that within it which can cause harm and do a lot of mischief.

All soldiers do not drink, however, we are glad to say, though the canteen is responsible for making many a poor fellow drink who never touched the drink at home. It speaks well for the temperance principles of a certain Kansas regiment that made a grand record for itself in the Philippines. One day the regiment had the freedom of the city of Hongkong, and as it was supposed that the boys would be a bit wild and perhaps disorderly, the police force was doubled on that day. 'Never before,' says the Rev. Dr. H. W. Jenkins, 'had a whole regiment had shore leave without filling up the guard house. Not a single arrest was made.'

The citizens of the largest city of the middle West gave the officers a banquet, on their return. Five kinds of liquors were served. At the head of the table were the guests of honor, five officers, 'but from the opening to the close of the feast not a wine glass was touched nor its contents consumed.'

All honor is due to these brave, true soldier boys—from a prohibition state.—'Temperance Banner.'

They Just Keeled Over and Died.

The 'Philadelphia Record' says: 'In one of the breweries uptown there is quite a system of dispensing drinks to the employees. Every man is graded according to his capacity, and tickets are issued to the men when they come to work in the morning. Each ticket is good for a glass of beer. Some men get 100, others 80, others 60, and so on down to the novices, who are only allowed 25, until their capacity is accurately judged through the system of graduation. The brewers claim that no drunkenness results from this, as the men perspire freely in the hot atmosphere and the liquor has no effect upon them. If by some mischance a man should become incapacitated for work, he is demoted to the next lower class, and that is looked upon as a keen disgrace, and very rarely happens.' 'Of course, it ultimately leads to cirrhosis of the liver,' said a prominent brewer yesterday, 'but the men are bound to drink beer, and it is better to have a system. It saps their vitality to such an extent that they become easy victims to any disease. We lost two workmen last month from broken legs. To any ordinary man no importance would be attached to a fractured limb, but these fellows never rallied. They just keeled over and died.'

'They just keeled over and died.' Think of this, ye lovers of beer! This is the wholesome drink.

Wrecked Through Whiskey.

One of the best marine underwriters of the United States in discussing the question of how many vessels are lost annually through carelessness that is due to intoxication said recently to the New York 'Mail and Express':

'It is impossible to say how many ships are lost because of drunken officers. If we could but know it would be to learn that hundreds of the fine vessels that have been posted as missing in the last ten years turned into Davy Jones's harbor as a result of drink.'

The same writer, after mentioning the names of several vessels wrecked by whiskey says:

'There are dozens of cases which I have not mentioned, but in which it is absolutely known that drunken captains and mates caused the loss of their ships through their follies. I am pleased, both from a financial and Christianlike standpoint, that within the last few weeks one of the largest of the Liverpool steamship companies has issued a circular letter to its employees, calling attention to the increase in drinking among sailors and warning them that they must not, either on or off duty, imbibe, under the penalty of immediate dismissal. A few more letters like this and we will have a big reduction in the annual tribute to Neptune.'—'National Advocate.'

Beautiful Grapes.

A RECITATION.

Beautiful grapes in purple arrayed!
Beautiful gems of hillside and glade!
Smiling where vine-leaves clustering twine—
Why should they change your beauty to wine?

Jewels of nature, lovely and bright,
Fanned by the breeze and kissed by the light!
Why should they crush you into the thing
Which like an adder doth sharply sting?

Wine is a mocker—Drink worketh woe,
Causing the tears of sorrow to flow;
Why should they press you, fruitage so fair,
Into the cup that causeth despair!

Guerdon of Heaven, lovely to see,
Blind and misguided mortals must be,
Changing the beauteous gems of the vine
Into the peril hid in the wine.

Beautiful grapes, what, what, can compare
With your ripe clusters, blushing and fair!
If ye could speak, methinks ye would say:
'Drink, like the grapes, bright water alway!'

Yes, we who gather cheerily here
Choose the pure water, sparkling and clear,
Wine, like a serpent, beauteous may seem,
Danger is there, though radiant its gleam!

Danger is lurking there in the drink,
Causing how many, ruined, to sink;
Beautiful grapes, like you we will use
Water so bright—yes, water we choose.
—'Temperance Record.'

The principal of a Chicago school gives this result of three years' investigation: In one school 125 boys were addicted to the cigarette habit; 25 of those confessed that they were too sleepy to study; 30 of them said they were dizzy after smoking; 22 could not write neatly because their hands trembled, and several said they felt 'shaky' when they walked. It was also shown that the cigarette habit gradually blunted the moral sensibilities of the boys, making them deceptive, secretive and untruthful, while very few of them were able to keep up with their classmates who were not addicted to the baneful habit.

HOUSEHOLD.

Braided Rugs.

(Sarah E. Wilcox.)

The beauty of braided rugs depends largely upon the arrangement of colors. Gay colors are not indispensable, but there should be harmonious blending and shading. As handsome a rug as I ever saw was of only two colors, shades of soft gray and brown. If the surface shows rough at first, and it will unless made wholly of soft woollen rags, it soon wears smooth. I have used old stocking legs and even felt. Cut old wool dress skirts and soft annels a little more than an inch wide, which will make a four-strand braid about an inch in width. If the rags are much wider the braid will look coarse and the general effect will not be as good. A three-strand braid looks common and the colors will not show to as good advantage. Cloth of heavy texture must be narrower. Draw the strands only tight enough to make the braid firm and flat. Old calico shades nicely and furnishes a pleasing variety for working in with solid colors. An oblong rug 39 by 29 inches calls for 37 or 38 rows of braid. Start the centre with a ten-inch length and make seven rows, using one red strand, two black and the other of neutral tints; then shade from dark to light for five or six rows. Now put on dark colors again, the same if you have them, and shade to light again for seven or eight rows, and so on through the given number of rows, more or less according to the colors you have at command.

An amateur may have difficulty in sewing the braid so the rug will lie flat. A lap board will be a help. The outside edge of the braid may sometimes need a little stretching. Use heavy carpet thread; the rags will outlast the thread. Take the stitches close together, back and forth, ball stitch, and occasionally taking a back-stitch. Edge with circles of black heavy cloth, pinked or notched. About two-thirds of the circumference of a tumbler will give a pattern for the first one, and the second circle should be smaller, of contrasting color, and may be ornamented with feather stitch. Place these circles a little distance apart, sew first on the right, then on the wrong side. Smaller or larger rugs are made by changing the length of the centre strip of braid. A round rug is made by commencing to sew round and round from the centre. A hit-and-miss rug with no attempt at arrangement of colors is very pretty and is somewhat of a novelty.—'N. E. Homestead.'

A Child's Play-Room.

The general idea is that almost any place is good enough for a child's play-room. It is a great mistake. Instead of the most dilapidated room in the house, choose the sunniest. Have it perfectly clean, and don't furnish it with the refuse of the house, but fit it up simply and with taste. Consult the child as to colors and arrangement; have everything bright and cheerful; have plenty of stools, small chairs, and soft cushions for the comfort of the little ones; do not decorate the walls with all kinds of illustrated advertisements. Hang the walls with pictures of pretty landscapes, children, and domestic animals; anything that will appeal to the child's eye and tend to instil morality and refinement. If you cannot afford to buy pictures, cut out choice illustrations from newspapers, which will serve the same purpose. Donate to the play-room a few pieces of bric-a-brac, but only those that will educate the child's mind and eye. Newspaper illustrations can be mounted on stiff pasteboard, and several thicknesses of crepe paper put around in the shape of a band will serve as a frame.

The pleasure and inspiration realized by children from such play-rooms will more than repay mothers for the extra pains they may need to take.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Hints to Girls.

Have regular days for sweeping and cleaning your room, for changing your own and your bed linen, and have receptacles for holding the soiled clothes till they go to the wash. If there is an open or unused room near your own, keep all soiled clothing there; anyway, do not keep it long in your sleeping room, or in the closets. While your chamber is airing set wide open the doors of your clothes closets, so that your wearing apparel may have the benefit of the fresh oxygen. Have your own particular bed lamp, and carry it down stairs the first time you leave your room in the morning. Have your own sheets and pillow cases and carry them to your own room with your clean clothes. Have a particular place in a certain drawer for them, and also for all your wearing apparel. Learn to keep each drawer of your bureau in as dainty order as you do the visible portions of your room.—'Home and Farm.'

A Good Polishing Cloth.

Among the household conveniences that will be found indispensable after once being used, is a good polishing cloth. It is far more handy than the use of powder, to say nothing of the saving of time and labor. To make these polishing cloths take old pieces of cotton, or linen too much worn for further use, put them in a saucepan and pour over a quart of milk, to which two ounces of powdered borax and one of ammonia is added, set over the fire for fifteen minutes. Take up, rinsing quickly in cold water, and dry before the fire or in a close room. Fold away in a drawer or box and use for brightening silver, glass, tin, brass, copper or bronze, as well as for all other polishing purposes. One cloth can be used a number of times before being thrown aside. The combination of milk, borax and ammonia will produce a brilliant polish and make old ware of any kind as bright as new.—Eliza R Parker.

Food that Absorbs Odors.

Flour should not be kept in a store-room or pantry where there is cooked food, as it readily absorbs odors. Ignorance of this fact accounts for poor bread oftener than an inferior quality of flour.

Articles of food that are made of gelatine or of milk should always be kept covered, as both milk and gelatine are literal scavengers of the air, and absorb not only odors but germs.

Neither cheese, cabbage, fish or baked beans should ever be put into the refrigerator. They all leave an odor of which it is difficult to rid the refrigerator, and they also flavor the food.

Butter should be kept in a tightly closed jar. If any is left over on a plate it should be covered.

The Farmer Feeds All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam the ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell;
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain;
And no man loses for his gain;
And men may rise and men may fall.
The farmer he must feed them all,

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.
—'Onward.'

Selected Recipes.

Apple Omelet.—To one cupful of stewed apples, that have been sweetened, and a lump of butter, and some powdered bread crumbs, add four well-beaten eggs. Fry in hot lard until a rich brown.

Baked Bananas—Tear a strip of skin from each banana, and lay the fruit, the peeled side uppermost, in a baking-pan. Pour a very little water in the bottom of the pan, cover closely, and bake the bananas for twenty-five minutes. Remove the skins, lay the fruit on a hot platter, and serve with a light sauce.

Chicken Pie.—The remains of a cooked chicken may be made into a delicious dish suitable for luncheon. Free one pint of chicken from bone and skin and chop the meat fine. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and when it is melted add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and half a cup of stock or boiling water. Stir until the mixture boils, then take from the fire and add the chicken, some salt and pepper and a little nutmeg. Beat two eggs and add, mixing them in thoroughly. Butter pop-over or custard cups and fill them two-thirds full with the mixture. Place them in a baking pan filled with boiling water and bake in a good oven twenty minutes. When they are baked, carefully turn these out upon a heated platter and pour around them the following sauce: Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter with two of flour until a paste is formed. Put this into a saucepan with half an onion, one bay leaf, a stalk of celery, one blade of mace, and half a dozen peppercorns. Cover with one pint of white stock, put the pan on the back of the fire, and let the contents simmer twenty minutes. Draw the pan to a hotter part of the fire and stir in half a pint of cream. Let the mixture come to the boiling point, and the sauce is ready to strain and use.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.
BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.
Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.
Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.
Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'